

CLUB INTERNATIONAL

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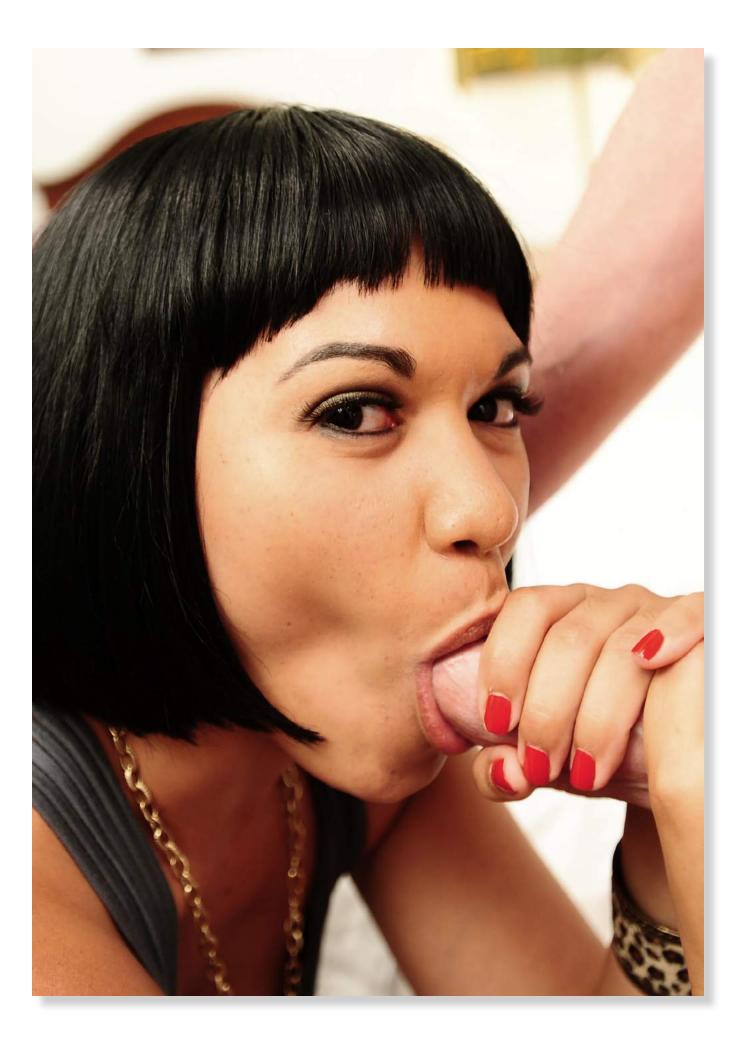
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CHEAP DATE



"Hey," Elena said, "you just missed the turn!"

"That's for suckers." I looked at her and smiled. "You and me—we're going to watch the flick for free."

"We are?"

"You bet."

"How are we going to do that?"
"Sit tight," I told her. "You'll see."

The turnoff for the dirt road was just ahead. Cresting a steep rise in my jacked up muscle car, I braked and veered off the highway. It was rough going. The road was narrow and winding and rutted. Twin beams poked through the dusky gloom. My shocks and struts protested as we bounced about the cabin.

The backwoods passage was getting progressively worse, no doubt due to increased traffic. Word spreads fast in a small town. Why fork over your hard earned money at the gate when you can watch the movie for free? It was a no-brainer, especially in these financially difficult times. Inflation was out of control, the price of gasoline through

the roof. 1979 was proving to be a real pain in the ass. I sure hoped the 80s would be better.

New in town, Elena was clueless about the cliff. But that was about to change. The road suddenly terminated in a clearing.

"Here we are," I said, easing my car to the cliff's edge.

"Wow," Elena marveled. "This is fantastic."

Our elevated vantage point provided a spectacular view of the drive-in movie screen. We were just in time for the previews. A few cars had already arrived at the prime spot; such was life in a small town with few entertainment options.

Speaking of entertainment . . . well, tonight's feature was hardly your typical date night fare. Thursday was Adult Night at the drive-in. Elena didn't have a clue. Boy was she in for a surprise!

Of course I was hoping the dirty movie would turn her on. Granted, it might have the opposite effect. Perhaps I had misjudged her. She might be totally repulsed. She might demand that I take her home and tell me to never call her again.

Still, I didn't think so. Elena, the hottest waitress in town, had been flirting with me at the diner where I ate lunch every day. She had all the guys drooling as she glided from table to table in her sexy little server's outfit. I don't know if any of those other guys had asked her out, nor did I care. She had given me her phone number and that's all that mattered.

Now I tuned the radio to the appropriate station so that we could hear the movie. The reception was decent. Not that I expected much dialogue from tonight's offering—Truck Stop Twat.

"Won't that drain your battery?"
Elena asked.

I've got something you can drain, I thought, imagining her lips wrapped around my cock . . .

"Not if you crank the car," I told her, "and let it run for a few minutes during each intermission."

"Good to know," she said.

The previews ended. The movie

The moans and groans coming through my car's speakers were replaced by April's sloppy suction sounds. I sat there and enjoyed every second, watching the rhythmic bobbing of her head, listening to the slutty slurping.

began. It wasn't long before Elena said, "I can't believe this. You actually brought me to a dirty movie .

"Is that a problem?"

"What kind of girl do you think I am?"

"I don't know," I replied. "You tell me."

Elena sat there in silence for a few seconds. Then she said, "Tell you? Nah, I don't think so. There's no fun in that. I'd rather show you."

"Be my guest," I said.

I lost interest in the on-screen action when Elena removed her blouse and bra. She had an amazing set of tits. I eyed them lustily as she leaned over the console. I had already freed my cock in anticipation of a blowjob. My date didn't disappoint. She pumped her head in my lap, up and down, sucking my cock with impressive skill.

The moans and groans coming through my car's speakers were replaced by Elena's sloppy suction sounds. I sat there and enjoyed every second, watching the rhythmic bobbing of her head, listening to the slutty slurping.

In time, she came up for air and said, "Let's get in the back. I want you to fuck me . . ."

While switching to the backseat I noticed that the couples in the other cars were similarly engaged. Clearly I wasn't the only one who had deemed a fuck flick worthy of date night. The director would have been pleased.

Elena lay there on the vinyl upholstery and raised her skirt. Pushing her panties to the side, I pressed my mouth to her pussy. She writhed beneath me, sighing and panting as I serviced her with my tongue.

"Do it," Elena urged me to fuck her. "Pound my pussy, baby . . ." I entered her immediately, parting her cunt lips with a single forceful thrust. She grunted and raised her knees. I fucked her hard and fast. Elena's was a tight pussy, tight and hot and wet. I was one lucky guy.

Attuned to my forthcoming release, she told me to come on her tits. I pulled



out and did just that, dumping my load all over those stellar peaks of hers.

We straightened our clothes and returned to the front seat just in time for intermission. Elena had brought along a small stash of refreshments.

"Don't forget to crank the car," she reminded me, popping the tab on a can of soda. "I'd hate to get stranded way out here in the boonies."

"You and me both." I keyed the ignition. "It's a long haul to the nearest service station."

"Yeah," Elena said, "and you fucked me so good I can hardly walk.

- Joseph A., Pittsburgh

PUMP JOCKEY

A desolate stretch of desert highway stretched before me like an

> endless black ribbon. Thirsty, my fuel needle flirting with E, I wheeled into the place for a fill up and a cold drink.

A coverall-attired pump jockey emerged from the single bay garage, wiping his dirty hands on a dirty rag.

"Yes, ma'am?" he asked.

"Fill her up," I told him through the open driver's side window.

He nodded obediently and went to work. I slid out from behind the wheel, stretching my stiff limbs. I had been on the road since sunrise. Now it was late afternoon. I planned to drive until dark, then stay the night at a motel before getting up the following morning and tackling the final leg of my cross country trek.

Destination—Los Angeles

I had decided to give acting one more shot. My first and only foray in The City of Angels had resulted in a poorly shot commercial for a used car dealership; this and a scene in an adult film titled Dip Stick. I wasn't ashamed of my porn credit—we all have to eat, right?—but I felt destined for bigger and better things.

The scents of man sweat, motor oil and petrol had their way with me as I walked to the store's entrance. The effect was aphrodisiacal. That particular combination always turned me on, reminding me of my time on the set of Dip Stick; which had been shot on location at an old service station not unlike this one. Even today's attendant bore a striking resemblance to the male performer who, playing the role of a virile pump jockey, had nailed me for cinematic posterity.

I was wet, my nipples nice and hard, by the time I went inside and paid for my gas and soda. The cashier exuded the same smell, and The ladies room was single occupancy so I had the place all to myself. I lowered the toilet lid and took a seat. Lifting the hem of my sundress, I pushed my panties aside and proceeded to masturbate.

No sooner had I started to rub my pussy than I noticed a tiny hole in the wall beside the toilet paper dispenser.

And that's not all. There was somebody on the other side of the hole! And they were watching me!

I could have put on a show, sure.

They flipped a coin. The cashier lost. His coworker lifted my dress, draping it over my hips with one hand while peeling my panties with the other. I raised one foot, then the other, stepping out of my thong.

His coarse hands spread my ass cheeks. I felt his engorged glans at the opening of my cunt. He teased, taunted, titillated.

"Do it," I urged him. "Fuck me."
He plunged his cock inside me.
I gasped. His was a big cock. Big and hard. And he knew how to use it. It wasn't long before he was fucking me in a mad frenzy. Thrusting his hips with speed and power, he hammered me relentlessly.

I peered at the mirror.

The cashier, having removed his coveralls and boxer shorts, stood there stroking his cock nice and slow. "That's it, Vernon," he said to his coworker. "Fuck her hard, man! Pound that pussy!"

All good things must come to an end, I thought when the pump jockey grunted, pulled out, and erupted all over my ass. Thankfully his coworker was swift in taking over. He fucked me with equal vigor. Sensing his impending orgasm, I told him that I wanted to suck him off.

"Be my guest," he muttered.

I turned around, knelt before him, and gobbled his cock. Meanwhile his coworker was hard again. He held his massive member in my face, all but demanding that I service him too; which I did, of course.

Naturally the cashier's wad was the larger of the two. Still, his coworker, having already come once, contributed a respectable amount of jizz to my quivering tongue.

Back on the road, I put the pedal to the floor and thought about the masculine bouquet which had affected me so strongly. Somebody should bottle it for mass production. They'd make a killing. And who knows? If this acting thing doesn't work outwell, hell, it just might be me!

- Camila J., Chico, CA



his coveralls were just as grimy; no doubt his duties included pumping aas and servicing cars as well.

"Where you headed?" he asked.
"L.A.," I told him.

He handed me my change. "I figured. You look like an actress."

"Aspiring," I said.

"Hey, we all have to start somewhere." He smiled and winked. "Good luck to you."

I exited the air conditioned store. The arid heat punched me in the face, yet failed to diffuse my lustful state. Never, I mused, underestimate your sense of smell!

I took a gulp of soda and started for my car, then decided against this. A quick detour to the restroom, I decided. I couldn't help myself. I had to get off immediately. Otherwise, I would never be able to concentrate on the road. But why settle for that when I was itching for a good and proper reaming? It was a no brainer, my decision to extend an invitation to the naughty voyeur.

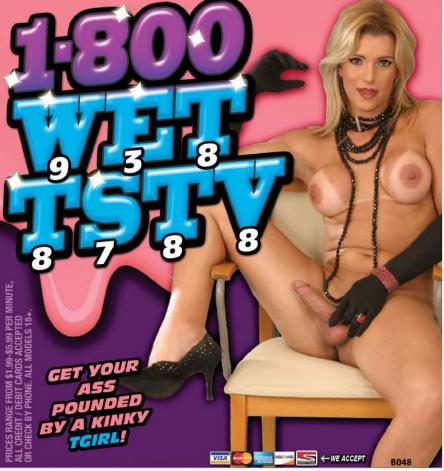
"I can see you," I said to the hole in the wall. "Don't worry. I'm not mad. In fact, I'm flattered. Why don't you come on in and join me? I know you want to."

It wasn't long before the cashier pushed the door open. The one who had pumped my gas was hot on his heels. They wore identical shit eating grins, and smelled even stronger within the confined space of the small bathroom.

Man sweat... Motor oil... Petrol. I rose from the toilet and walked to the sink. I pressed my forearms to the basin and looked over my shoulder. "So," I said, "who wants to fuck me first?"

























Chloe just spent the last two hours at the lingerie store. Jenna, on the otherhand was watchig porn on the internet and decided that she and Chloe needed to have some fun time together. She immediately went to work kissing on Chloe's pert breasts, then found her way down to her pussy, and finally to her tight little puckered hole.









































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WITH THE SEASON OVER, I COULD FOCUS ON SAVING MY MARRIAGE



The clock taunted me, the clock on the wall beside the neon beer sign.

Last call, I thought.

In five minutes it would be time to pay up, head back to the motel, and catch a few hours of shuteye before tomorrow's afternoon game.

We had dropped the first two of a three-game series, stinking up the diamond with our lousy play. Had those been home games our fans would've surely pelted us with trash and booed us off the field. Still, I was less than thrilled to be on the road.

My marriage was falling apart.

Stephanie, my wife of three months, had grown weary of my constant travel. "This is worse than being married to a cop!" she had told me just a few days prior. And Stephanie had spoken from experience. Her exhubby was a policeman. Danny's irregular hours and constant drinking had led her to file for divorce. Then she had met me. Poor Steph . . . talk about out of the frying pan and into the fire!

I was always on the go, hopping from one town to the next. Home stands, though a welcome respite, were tainted by the looming specter of the next road trip. The clock was our worst enemy, the clock and calendar.

Of course the season wouldn't last forever. It was early September and the playoffs started in October. Our postseason prospects weren't looking too good. We were limping to the finish line; not exactly eliminated mathematically, but damned close to it. Truth be known, I was hoping that we crashed and burned in the worst way. With the season over, I could focus on trying to salvage what was left of my marriage.

If it wasn't already too late . . .

I had a sneaking suspicion that Stephanie was running around behind my back. Not that I blamed her. Hell, she was in the prime of her life. She had needs, wants, desires. With me always out of pocket it was only natural for her to seek sexual fulfillment elsewhere.

"Last call!" the bartender bellowed.

I contemplated one more beer, then rejected the idea. I had already had six. Enough was enough. I told the bartender that I was ready to pay my tab. And I was. Or so I thought, until the redhead claimed the stool beside me and said, "Buy a girl a drink?"

Her name was Angie and she

drank a shot of bourbon with a beer chaser. I had the same.

"Got a name?" Angie asked me.
"Ned," I told her. "Ned New-

"Ned," I told her. "Ned Newsome."

She didn't follow sports, certainly not minor league baseball. Still, she was impressed with my job. Most women are. Even a semi-professional athlete is a welcome diversion from the usual ho-hum vocations.

"What position do you play?" she asked.

"Shortstop," I replied.

Then I told Angie that her hometown Schooners had kicked our asses in the first two games. "It's a threegame series," I added. "The last game is tomorrow."

"Shucks." She took a hit from her longneck. "I have to work."

"It's for the best," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"We'll probably get slaughtered."

I had never cheated on Stephanie.

Not that I hadn't had plenty of opportunities to do so. In my line of work you encounter many tempting groupies, especially when playing away from home. Unlike me, most of my teammates took advantage of this occupational perk. Sitting there beside Angie,















the sweetish scent of her hair wafting over me, I couldn't help but imagine the fun we could have. Her intentions were clear enough. A woman doesn't join you in a bar at closing time unless she wants some action.

If my suspicions were true then Stephanie was, at this very minute, in bed with some other dude. Probably Danny, I reasoned. Old habits die hard. Shit, I thought. Why should she have all the fun? Our relationship was probably doomed, anyway.

Angie frowned. "Are you okay?"

Her question pulled me out of my funk. "I'm fine."

"You got awfully quiet there for a minute."

"I was thinking," I told her.

"About what?"

"About you and me getting the hell out of here."

Angie smiled. "I like the way you think."

Angie lived in a cozy bungalow near the beach; its stucco exterior was painted a loud pink. Her place was small, yet tidy. Clean without being sterile. She had a cat.

"That's Rex," she said.

"Hey, Rex," I said.

Angie didn't ask me if I wanted a drink. Dispensing with the preliminaries, we went straight to her bedroom. "I hope you like to eat pussy." She sat on the bed. "My boyfriend isn't too keen on the idea."

"Boyfriend?"

"Don't worry," she said. "He works the graveyard shift."

She placed a pillow behind her head and lifted her legs, beseeching me to remove her accordion miniskirt, which I did with much haste. Then I peeled her panties. Angie had a big red bush between her legs. I had always had a thing for hairy pussy, a predilection which Stephanie refused to accommodate. My wife, much to my consternation, was a devout adherent to the Brazilian wax job.

"What do you think?" Angie ran her fingers through that crimson forest of hers. "You like my hairy cunt?"

Her futon bed was low to the floor, enabling me to crouch on the hardwood while pleasuring her with my eager mouth. Sliding her hand aside, I licked and lapped her pussy. Hairs tickled my lips and chin as I employed my tongue, giving her the oral action her boyfriend had refused to provide.

I sucked and nibbled her clit; this while plunging three fingers inside her hot hole. I pumped my hand vigorously, faster and faster, working my digits deep inside her pink declivity. She panted and writhed, getting hotter and wetter.

By now I was sporting a major hard on. I lowered my free hand and unzipped my shorts and liberated my cock. Stroking myself, my turgid tool swelling within my palm, I continued to eat Angie's hairy honey pot.

At least, that is, until she urged me

to fuck her.

"I'm ready for that big dick," Angie uttered breathily. "Fuck me, Ned."

I shed my clothes and did just that. Positioning myself between her thighs, I guided my swollen glans through her dense bush until I found her splayed cunt lips. I teased and taunted her, rubbing my flared cap against her moist petals. She moaned and sighed and bit her lip, grinding her hips in sweet anticipation.

Finally, after titillating Angie for almost a full minute, I pushed my cock inside her. She gasped. And I did, too. Hers was a tight pussy. And she knew how to work it. Her muscles clenched me as I thrust repeatedly.

I was determined to give Angie a night to remember. I owed her this much. Having rescued me from spending yet another dismal night in a cheap motel room, she was my salvation.

"Oh, yeah," she murmured. "You feel so good inside me."

Her nails raked my shoulders and back. I felt her hands slide down my spine, all the way to my ass, which she squeezed. This prompted me to up the pace. It wasn't long before I was pounding her pussy with frenzied strokes. Mouth agape, her red hair fanned across the pillow, she moaned and told me to come inside her.

"Not yet," I told her.

I had enjoyed fucking her missionary style, sure. Still, I was eager to do her from behind. Angie had a tight









little ass to die for, and I couldn't wait to tap it.

I withdrew and backed away from the bed. Standing there with my cock in hand, I told her to flip over. "Show me that sweet ass of yours . . ."

Angie was all for it. She assumed the doggy position, raising her beautiful bum for my benefit. The mere sight of the thing made my pulse rev.

"Now spread those cheeks," I told her. "I want to see it, baby."

She reached back with both hands and parted her taut buns. "Is that you want? Huh? You want to stick your big fat cock in my tight little cunt hole?"

Her dirty talk had the desired effect. I couldn't resist a second longer. I closed the gap between us, grabbed her waist, and pushed my prick inside her.

"That's it," Angie said. "Get it up in there and fuck me good."

I pounded her pussy in earnest. The sight of my dick sliding in and out of her gash turned me on immensely. Her ass, though tight and compact, jiggled ever so slightly as I rammed it with increasing fervor. Angie turned her head to the side; her red locks hung freely, exposing the lightly freckled nape of her neck.

"I changed my mind," she said over her shoulder. "Come in my mouth, baby. I want to taste your hot load . . . "

I pulled out and stood there. Angie hopped off the bed and knelt be-

fore me. She grasped the base of my shaft and gave me head, good head, sloppy and slutty, filling my balls to the brim.

"Oh, shit!" I grabbed a handful of red hair, tugging with both hands like a cowboy pulling on a horse's reins. "Arrrgggghhhhh!"

I shot my wad. Powerful spasms wracked my cock as Angie, intent on ingesting every last drop, sucked me dry.

Having driven me back to the bar, Angie offered to take me all the way to my motel. I thanked her for the offer, but chose to walk instead. It was a short trek—not even half a mile—and the fresh air would do me some good.

Our team had the entire first floor of the dumpy motel. Cutting across the parking lot, I saw that each and every window was dark. My teammates were asleep. Unfortunately I couldn't say the same about Coach Brody.

A door flew open. Brody, wearing his perpetual scowl and a beige bathrobe, emerged from his room. Arms crossed, an unlit cigar jutting from his mouth, he regarded me like a clump of cow dung on the bottom of his shoe.

"Some ballplayer you are," he said. "Do you know what time it is?"

I had a pretty good idea, but chose to remain silent.

Brody spat, "Try three-thirty in the fucking morning!"

"Sorry, Coach," I offered lamely.
"I must've lost track of—"

"You reek of beer and pussy," he cut me off.

Brody produced a lighter from the pocket of his robe and fired up the cigar. It was a cheap cigar, strictly supermarket fare, with a white plastic filter.

"You'll never make the big leagues like this, Newsome. No way in hell. You lack the dedication and discipline. It's a shame, too. You've got some real talent. But talent alone isn't enough to play at the highest level."

I stood there like a cowed dog.

"It pains me to say it, but this is as high as you'll ever go. I've seen your kind before, Newsome. You're nothing but a lousy bush leaguer." Brody exhaled a plume of malodorous smoke. "Go to your room and get some sleep. In case you've forgotten, we've got one more game to play."

"Yes. sir."

I unlocked the door. My roommate, a lanky relief pitcher from Haiti, was sound asleep. I padded to the bathroom, closed the door, and took a piss.

I wondered if Stephanie, too, had gotten lucky tonight. Strangely enough, I didn't give a damn. It was time to part ways. Angie had helped me see the light. My wife's shaved snatch just didn't do it for me.

And Coach Brody was right about me being a bush leaguer.

I guess it's true what they say . . . You really are what you eat!

































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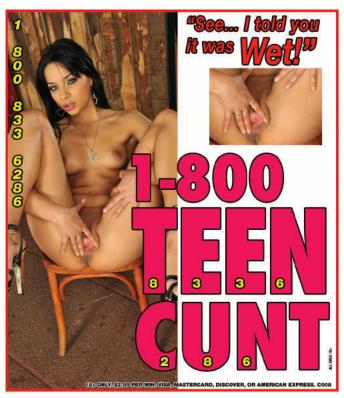


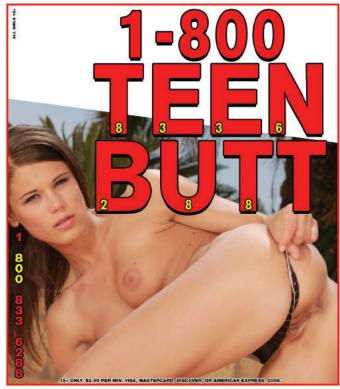
















































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